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GAR SQUARE.

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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A tornado is one of the things people don't like to have blow over.

Old Sol is again in the box, and there is no joke about it when he strikes a man out.

Revival of college football gossip reminds us that the season will soon change again.

Prof. PAYNE, of Minnesota, neglects to explain how his doubts as to the inhabited state of Mars were removed.

As the two chief speeches went in Parliament yesterday it was not GLADSTONE who appeared to be the sick man.

Cholera is at Germany's very door. No pains will be spared to make the portal secure against the pestilence.

Nobody has been found to effectively defend the one girl-teacher-to-a-pupil system in the Chinese Sunday-schools.

Followers of a new creed called "Heaven at Hand" are coming to convert New York. Would they mind trying it on Chicago first?

Prof. WALLACE, of Edinburgh, sees that America is on the verge of an immense wheat supply trade with Europe. There is no chaff about this.

The British Government has a right to vexed that the Duke of Fife argues for small holdings, while his mother-in-law holds the English throne.

Another policeman has been beaten with his own baton. There are times when the orderly club seems to lose its advantage over the disorderly gang.

TAKING A GREAT RISK.

The Norwich Transportation Line steamer City of Boston when about two hours' sail from New London last night was discovered to be on fire in the hold. The captain dropped anchor and the crew set to work to subdue the flames. They fortunately succeeded after an hour's desperate efforts, although it is admitted that for some time it seemed as if the flames would envelop the entire vessel.

The officers of the Company take credit for concealing the danger from the passengers, who were sleeping in their berths and knew nothing of the fire until it had been subdued.

As the affair turned out, it was very well to avoid the peril of a panic. But suppose the fire had resisted the efforts of the crew and had, as it once threatened, "engulfed the whole vessel," would not the passengers, suddenly aroused, have awakened to certain death? Would not it have been safer to have quietly informed them of the danger, one by one, and to have quieted their fears. Did not the officers court terrible disaster by leaving the passengers asleep in their berths?

AN UNFIT PARK GUARDIAN.

The arrest of Mr. FRANCIS G. SWAN, the well-known broker, by a park policeman proves that however negligent the Park Commissioners may be of the conduct of the parks their uniformed officers are a little too vigilant in looking after the condition of the park benches.

Mr. SWAN, who is sixty-five years of age and so deaf as to be unable to hear the sound of a speaking trumpet, happened to fall asleep on a bench in Union Square, where he sat himself for rest and to enjoy the cool air. A policeman who discovered the old gentleman dozing at once concluded that he had been indulging in strong drink and proceeded to haul him in a truly brutal fashion. First he jerked him from the seat, throwing him to the ground, and when Mr. SWAN sought to pull forth his ear-trumpet arrested him as a dangerous character who was presumed to draw a weapon on an officer of the law.

Now it happens that Mr. SWAN never drinks, that he had been speaking the evening with Mr. ROBERT M. O'BRIEN, of Madison avenue, and that he was on his way home to his residence, No. 2 East Fifteenth street, when he rested in Union Square. The gallant park policeman, when he found that Mr. SWAN was trying to draw his murderous ear-trumpet, hurriedly summoned a regular police officer

It is probable that outside of the immediate friends of Col. H. CLAY KING's victim, Lawyer DAVID H. POSTON, few people will regret the Colonel's escape from the gallows. The tragedy in which the condemned man was a chief figure was one involving more than the loss of one man's life. A home had been broken up, one woman's machinations exposed and another's character pinlessly need-

lessly and falsely assailed. But now King goes for life to a prison cell. Let the sad later chapters of his career in the outside world be buried with him.

OVER \$10,000 IN THE FUND.

The Sick Babies' Fund passes the \$10,000 mark to-day. It now amounts to \$10,230.40.

It is a glorious and glorious endorsement of THE EVENING WORLD's solicitude for the children of the poor who are stricken down by disease in the warm months and that are pressed to the brink of the grave by pain and poverty.

The people have made this beautiful charity their own. The babies of the poor have become the wards of the public, and the liberal impounding of money to the fund this Summer shows that the great heart of the metropolis throbs with humanity and has a soft spot for the wingless cherubs of the big city's extensive babyland.

New York does not let its infants die without offering stern resistance against the advances of the destroyer. The Sick Babies' Fund is the people's barrier blocking its way. Build it higher! Build it stronger! Fashion it so magnificently that in future none of the babies of the poor of this city will perish if skill can save them.

THE COMBINE STRENGTHENED.

The Coal Combine seems to be growing in strength as rapidly as it increases in numbers. The Pennsylvania Railroad is now said to have joined the combination, although it has pretended heretofore to have been its determined opponent.

It has been hoped that the Pennsylvania Railroad, although controlling but a small percentage of the anthracite coal production, would, with its large wealth and influence, be able to hold the Reading Combine in check, so that there would be at least some little restriction in its raid upon the consumers' pockets. But if the Pennsylvania has been forced or seduced into the conspiracy the people have no hope. The anti-anthracite output is in the Combine and the public is helplessly at its mercy.

The extent of the robbery to which the people are to be subjected, may be understood from the fact that the many millions of dollars to be realized out of the increased price of coal have been sufficient to drag into the pool all the railroad corporations and some speculative banking concerns. There is enough plunder for all.

However, the \$20,000,000 of bright, full-weight gold coin of the United States is not safely in the Sub-Treasury on Wall street. It is the largest amount of gold ever transported in a body, and it went through in caskets of wooden boxes, each containing \$40,000 of coin, as steadily as a registered letter is transported, the Postmaster in San Francisco giving a receipt for the whole amount to the Sub-Treasurer in that city, and Postmaster VAN COTT receiving a receipt from Sub-Treasurer ELIAS H. RENTALS when he delivered it at the Wall street building.

A CAFE OF CHICAGOPOBIA.

Sir GEORGE R. DUNNS, Her Majesty's Prime Minister for New South Wales, is blasting the bloody Hayes of everybody and everything in this country because he suspects that the Chicago World's Fair Commissioners have worked a game of bunco on his fellow-countrymen in connection with the great exhibition. He breathes a big, big D every time he refers to Chicago, or the Fair, or the Columbian Continent, and when he sails away from our shores he will leave a blue streak behind, compared with which those indolent ribbons just discovered on the face of Mars will not be so much even as markers.

Sir GEORGE ought to know that the thermometer commands too much attention nowadays for even a South Pacifican to permit himself to get under his celluloid collar. And without provocation too. He gives the excuse that Chicago promised his people one thing and offered them another of much diminished dimensions, but that is no excuse at all. Even the Fiji Islanders know Chicago well enough not to waste a precious week on the name of the Windy City blown in on the exterior at one peat on the dollar.

His most significant avowals were that Home Rule for Ireland had been for years at the forefront of the battle; that it would still hold the same position, and that the threatened defeat of the measure by the House of Lords would not change the day nor the determination to give justice to Ireland.

The latter hint is accepted in meaning that if the House of Lords should prove contumacious, enough new peers would be created to overcome the opposition. It does not now seem probable that any section of the Irish party will attempt to obstruct the overthrow of the Tory Ministry, which must be the first act in the new political drama in England.

Another policeman has been beaten with his own baton. There are times when the orderly club seems to lose its advantage over the disorderly gang.

THE DUTIES OF THINGS.

The largest of oysters come from Puget Sound, sometimes they attain a diameter of two feet, and weigh as much as sixty pounds.

The oysters own one-third of the entire acreage of Scotland.

There are said to be three feet in height.

The experiment has been successfully tried abroad of putting from movable type made of glass.

Bassoon has been in use for nearly sixteen centuries. They were imported into England by Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry VIII.

Accepted His Offer.

"I can't sell you that mattock, sir," said the tanner.

"No, indeed, you can't. I give \$10 not to have it."

"I'll buy you, kindly sir. Where shall I send the bill?"

WARNING.

Mr. FOSTER—May Foster seems to be a very pleasant girl, always good-humored and sprightly—but yet slightly popular.

That's just the reason. Men don't like to be laughed at.

The Candid Walter.

Mr. FOSTER—John, the candid walter, who do you recommend to be your enthusiastic and sprightly walter today? We waltz with him at a time without a writhing and contortion. He did go on a grand old romp, or as far as it was to have more than a

couple of dances.

Mr. SWAN—He did go on a grand old romp, but it was a clear good romp to me. He had it well, but he might as well have been doing it in the basement of the hotel.

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